

putting them in buses and sending them away. I like to stay here and change the system. Some teachers has to be changed. My girl take Spanish in junior high school, and I said to her, "Tell your teacher I'm going to be in school one day to teach him Spanish because I don't know where he learns to teach Spanish but it ain't Spanish."

I went later downstairs and I met one of the tenants. She was telling me to go picketing downtown because they had Mr. Gray in jail. But I couldn't go because the lock on my door no good and couldn't lock, so I couldn't leave door open. I was so mad that Mr. Gray arrested. If I be there I would have been arrested. I love this struggle for our rights. We have to fight. We have right in this country. We have freedom if we do it in order. I love what Mr. Gray is doing because he likes to struggle for people and rights. I'm pretty good woman. I don't bother anyone. But I got my rights. I fight for them. I don't care about jail. Jail don't scare me. If have to go to jail, I go. I don't steal. I didn't kill nobody. There's no record for me. But if I have to go, I go.

Saturday, February 8: I woke up at 7:30 and I gave a bottle to the baby. I went to the kitchen to make some coffee. Then I called my two oldest girls. They were going to church. They were going to catechism lessons on Saturday. Later I went down to a friend of mine's house. I didn't see her for several days and I found her in bed. She had a bad cold and fever. When I came back a tenant called me and asked me what was new in the building because she works daytime. She wanted to know about the junkies. Have they been on the top floor where the vacant apartments is? That's why I have leaking from the ceiling. The junkies on the top floor break the pipes and take the fixtures and the sink and sell them and that's where the water comes. * * * I'm not scared of the junkies. I open the door and I see the junkies and I tell them to go or I call the police. Many people scared of them, but they scared of my face. I got a baseball bat for the rats and for the junkies. I sometimes see a junkie in the hallway taking the junk and I give him a broom and say "Sweep the hall," and he does what I tell him and hand me back the broom after he sweep the hall. I'm not scared of no junkies. I know my rights and I know my self-respect. After supper I played cards (casino) for 2 hours with the girls and later I got dressed and I went to a party for the rent strike. This party was to get funds to the cause. I had a good time. Mr. Gray was there dancing. He was so happy.

Sunday, February 9: I had a nice night's sleep. I got up at 8 o'clock and I gave the baby a bottle. Then I dressed up in a hurry to go to church. When I go to church I pray for to have better house and have a decent living. I hope He's hearing. But I don't get discouraged on Him. I have faith. I don't care how cold I am I never lose my faith. When I come out of church I was feeling so good. I met some friends of mine. When I came home I called my girls, so they get dressed and I fixed them breakfast and then sent them to church. After around 1:30 came some friends of mine to visit. We had some refreshments and talked about the children and the way this neighborhood was and different subjects. We make jokes. I had a real nice time. Believe it or not this was the first weekend I passed so happy. We had plenty of steam and I was feeling good.

Monday, February 10: This morning I fixed some Cream of Wheat, eggs, and Ovaltine. I had my black coffee. At 9:30 a man came to fix the rat holes. He charged me only \$3. He left around 11. Then one of the tenants came to tell me that we only have oil for today and every tenant have to give \$7.50 to send for more oil. I went to

see some tenants to tell them there is no more oil. We all have to cooperate with money for the oil. It's very hard to collect because some are willing to give but others start fussing. I don't know why because it is for the benefit of all, especially those with children. We have to be our own landlord and supers. We had to be looking for the building and I tell you we doing better than if there is an owner. Later I went down in the basement with another tenant to see about the boiler, but we found it missing water in the inside and she didn't light it up and anyway there was not too much oil in it. I hope nothing bad happens, because we too had given \$5 each tenant to buy some material to repair the boiler. If something happens is going to be pretty hard to make another collection.

Tuesday, February 11: This morning was too cold in the house that I had to light the oven and heat hot water. We had no steam, the boiler is not running good. I feel miserable. You know when the house is cold you can't do nothing. When the girls left for school I went back to bed. I just got up at 11:30 and this house is so cold. Living in a cold apartment is terrible. I wish I could have one of those kerosene stoves to heat myself.

My living room and my room is Alaska. I'm going to heat some pea soup and make coffee. I sat down in the kitchen by the stove to read some papers and keep warm. This is terrible situation. Living the way I live in this slum house is miserable. I don't wish no body to live the way I live. Inside a house in this condition, no steam, no hot water, ceiling falling on you, running water from the ceiling, to go to the bathroom you have to use an umbrella, rats everywhere. I suggest that landlords having human being living this way instead of sending them to jail they must make them live at least a month in this same conditions, so they know the way they pile up money in a bank. The house was so cold we all went to bed around 8 o'clock.

Wednesday, February 12: I wake up around 5 o'clock and the first thing I did was light the oven and the heater so when the girls wake up is a little warm. I didn't call them to 11 because they didn't have to go to school. It still so cold they trembling. You feel like crying.

I think if I stay a little longer in this kind of living I'm going to be dead duck. I know that to get a project you have to have somebody prominent to back you up. Many people got to the project and they don't even need them. I had been feeling applications I don't know since when. This year I feel another one. My only weapon is my vote. This year I don't vote for nobody. May be my vote don't count, but don't forget if you have 14 cent you need another penny so you take the bus or the subway. At least I clean my house and you could eat on the floor. The rest of the day I didn't do nothing. I was so mad all day long. I cooked a big pot of soup. I leave it to God to help me. I have faith in Him.

Thursday, February 13: I couldn't get up this morning. The house was so cold that I came out of bed at 7:15. I heated some water. I leave the oven light up all night because the heater gave up. I fixed some oatmeal, eggs, and some Ovaltine for the girls. I had some coffee. I clean the house. The baby was sleeping. Later on, the inspector came. They were supposed to come to every apartment and look all violations. They knock at the door and asked if anything had been fixed. I think even the inspectors are afraid of this slum conditions that's why they didn't dare to come inside. I didn't blame them. They don't want to take a rat or any bug to their houses, or get dirty in this filthy houses.

We had for dinner chicken with rice, soup

and salad. The girls has cake. After they ate they did their homework and wash the dishes. At 8:30 I went downstairs to a meeting we had. We discuss about why there is no heat. We agreed to give \$10 to fix the boiler for the oil. A man is coming to fix it. I came upstairs and had some coffee and a little later on everybody went to bed. I hope everybody give the \$10 so we have some heat soon.

Friday, February 14: I didn't write this about Friday in my book until this Saturday morning, because Friday night I sick and so cold I go to bed and could not write in the book. But this about Friday. I got up at 5 and light the oven and put some water to heat. At 7 I called the two oldest girls for school. I didn't send the little one, because she was coughing too much and with a running nose. I gave some baby aspirin and I put some vick in her nose and chest and I gave some hot tea. I leave her in bed.

It was so cold in here that I didn't want to do nothing in the house. I fixed some soup for lunch and read for a while in the kitchen and after a while I went out and clean the hallway, I didn't mop because there was no hot water, but at least the hallway looked a little clean.

Later on I fixed dinner I was not feeling good. I had a headache and my throat hurt. I hope I do not catch a cold. I hope some day God help me and all this experience I had be restore with a very living and happiness. It is really hard to believe that this happens here in New York and richest city in the world. But such is Harlem and hope. Is this the way to live. I rather go to the moon in the next trip.

Panama Canal Crisis, January 9-12, 1964: Commendation of Marine Bureau

EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

HON. DANIEL J. FLOOD

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 18, 1964

Mr. FLOOD. Mr. Speaker, one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of the Panama Canal since its opening to traffic in 1914 was its uninterrupted transit of vessels during recent period of Red-led Panamanian mob assaults on the Canal Zone and violence, January 9-12, 1964.

Though I have previously given fullest praise to the entire Panama Canal organization for this noteworthy accomplishment, the Nation should know that it was, primarily the work of the Marine Bureau. This Bureau consists of various grades of personnel concerned with the transit of vessels and navigation from the time they arrive at one terminal until they depart at the other. This personnel includes launch crews, boarding parties, and pilots; tug crews and harbor service forces; traffic controllers and signalmen; line handlers and lock personnel; and the necessary administrative personnel and officers; all operating under a Marine Director.

Mr. Speaker, I am proud to include in my remarks the January 17, 1964, commendation by the Marine Director of the personnel of the Marine Bureau for their extraordinary performances:

JANUARY 17, 1964.
To Marine Bureau Personnel who worked
January 10, 11, and 12, 1964.
From Marine Director.
Subject: Commendation.

As your Marine Director I am very proud of the superb manner in which you performed your duties during the recent period of riots and civil commotion.

With tension running high, many personnel absent from work, and all other normal activities of the Company/Government suspended, you continued to put ships through the Canal without interruption. Many of you worked long extra hours without complaint. As a result of your professional competence and devotion to duty the canal was operated with great efficiency on all three days with a new high in efficient operation being achieved on Sunday, January 12, when 28 ships were transited with an average time in Canal Zone waters of only 9.4 hours.

You have earned the admiration and gratitude of the shipping world for a job well done.

You can take great pride in your achievement for which I extend to each of you my highest praise and commendation.

M. J. PRINCE.

Zanzibar: Victim of Cuban-Trained Guerrillas

EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

HON. F. BRADFORD MORSE

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 18, 1964

Mr. MORSE. Mr. Speaker, aroused by the Panamanian outbreak on January 9, 1964, the people of our country have become more keenly aware of the problems of the Caribbean than at any time since the early part of the 19th century and are pondering what else may be in store.

One reason is to be found in the overthrow by Cuban-trained guerrillas of the Government of Zanzibar, a strategic island on the east coast of Africa, and the establishment of a Communist dictatorship, which were featured by mass liquidations of political opponents.

This frightful story, as told by Robert Conley in the January 19, 1964, issue of the Chicago Tribune, should be considered by all who are concerned with the dangerous problems of the Caribbean.

The story follows:

BARE ROLE OF REIS IN ZANZIBAR—GANG TRAINED BY CUBANS LEADS REVOLT
(By Robert Conley)

MOMBASA, KENYA, January 18.—Zanzibar is on edge of becoming the Cuba of Africa.

This week's supposed African revolution that overthrew the island's Arab minority government was planned and carried out by Cuban-trained guerrillas to establish a Communist regime on Zanzibar, a main stepping-off point to the heart of Africa.

By most responsible accounts, black nationalists had little to do with it. They were used as camouflage for the guerrillas it is understood.

TWO THOUSAND ARE SLAIN

At least 2,000 "political suspects" are believed to have died since the revolution deposed Sultan Seyyid Jamshid Bin Abdullah, the island's traditional Arab monarch, last

Sunday. Most of the victims were Arabs. The final death toll, it is feared, may reach 4,000.

"There has been a hellish massacre," one Zanzibari said.

These disclosures can be reported for the first time today from here on east African coast, just north of the island. They could not even be hinted at from Zanzibar because of the military censorship of every word leaving the island.

In the view of Western diplomats closely concerned with Zanzibar, the revolution this week represents communism's first attempt to seize political control in black Africa by force. The means are Cuban-trained guerrillas.

THIRTY TO FIFTY ON ISLAND

Between 30 and 50 of them are known to be on the island. Nearly all are Zanzibaris.

Some wear beards, mustaches, or long hair. Others wear berets or baseball caps. They look startlingly similar to the revolutionaries led by Premier Fidel Castro of Cuba. No Cubans have been seen.

"We do not want America to interfere with our revolution," one of the guerrillas warred a visitor. "Want no Congo here. We want a Cuba."

Only a tenth of the casualties reportedly occurred in 12 hours of fighting through the narrow, ancient streets of Zanzibar town last Sunday. The great bulk of the victims are said to have been gunned down by guerrillas in a campaign of political liquidation which followed.

USE MASS GRAVES

Hundreds of bodies reportedly were buried in mass graves. One rebel band admitted burying 160 bodies. They said they had dug 40 holes in ground and put 4 bodies in each.

As the death toll continues to rise, diplomats are moving further away from their initial reaction that the revolution was the culmination of years of racial bitterness and frustration on the island. Zanzibar has 230,000 Africans and 80,000 Arabs.

"This is systematic mass murder," one westerner said.

At Dole, about 20 miles north of Zanzibar town, the island's capital, the entire Arab community of 200 persons was said to have been massacred.

GREETINGS TO NIKITA

ZANZIBAR, January 18.—Field Marshal John Okello, Zanzibar's self-styled strong man, today sent greetings to Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev and said capitalism is ready for the grave. Earlier the revolutionary regime announced that it will be known henceforth as the "People's Republic of Zanzibar."

Let's Make Up Our Mind

EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

HON. PAUL FINDLEY

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 18, 1964

Mr. FINDLEY. Mr. Speaker, the editor of Farm Journal magazine, Mr. Carroll P. Streeter, is the author of this timely and excellent comment on the Russian wheat deal.

The text of Mr. Streeter's editorial follows:

Let's Make Up Our Mind

You'll have to pardon us if we seem puzzled. Like a lot of other ordinary American citizens we don't know too much about the

intricacies of foreign policy. But we do know this:

Up to February 1, 175 American boys have died in a far-off place called Vietnam while the rest of us have looked the other way. We've got 15,500 more American boys down there exposed to being shot—and we still have 50,000 facing a Communist enemy in Korea.

We're putting up with a nest of virulent communism 90 miles off our shores—one that tests our resolve by shutting off the water at our Guantanamo Bay Naval Station and that spreads flames all over Latin America and as far as Zanzibar off the coast of Africa, while we patiently trapeze around with a bucket trying to douse the fires.

We know well enough where the money and men to make this trouble come from—Moscow. And Khrushchev, embracing Castro for the photographers, tells us to keep hands off his boy—the same Khrushchev with whom we are now trying to buddy up.

Meanwhile, France, a presumed ally, tries to embrace Red China. She does all she can in other ways to embarrass us in southeast Asia, where American boys are dying.

Great Britain, our friend, comes to Castro's rescue with several hundred buses. For what? For a few bucks.

Canada, another friend, has been bailing out Mao in Red China for years with huge shipments of wheat. Commercially it has paid. These and the big sale to Russia last fall have topped up all the wheat Canada could raise, while we sat on a surplus here. Now there's a veritable rootrace to see who can get to the Communist world with the "mostest firstest."

And how about us? We're no better. For dollars, and nothing but dollars, and without a single political concession or even an attempt to get one, we're almost in a frenzy to sell wheat to Russia (while righteously denying any to Red China and criticizing Britain for selling buses to Castro).

We're so anxious to take in the money that we'll apparently make any concession necessary. We uttered brave words at the time of the deal—to quiet our own citizens. The sale would have to be for cash on the barrelhead. Now we've retreated and let it be for credit. The grain had to be shipped in American bottoms. Well, maybe only half of it in American ships, we were presently saying. And when the Russians wouldn't agree to that, because Americans ships charge more, we simply paid the exporter an extra 14 cents per bushel, to relieve the Russians of the necessity. This was a quiet little deal in which the U.S. taxpayer footed the bill without ever knowing it.

Meanwhile we shell out billions upon billions to contain communism. That's what much of our huge foreign aid expenditure is really for. Certainly it's what our enormous military expenditure is for.

We send Bobby Kennedy half way around the world to try to quiet Mr. Sukarno in Indonesia; we dispatch other trouble shooters to Africa and Central and South America; we have Adlai Stevenson make another wrist-slapping speech in the United Nations; we get contradictory reports from Secretary McNamara on how our war is going in Vietnam. The less said about it the better, apparently. Let's not look now. Maybe it will just go away.

Too bad about the 175 American boys, of course, but things like that can't be helped.

They can't? Well certainly they can't so long as we have no clear foreign policy versus communism, and so long as we lack the backbone to enforce a policy even if our Government had one.

Isn't it about time the United States of America decided how to fight this "cold" war, then fought it?